

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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WHOLE N. 4.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### TO ELLEN.

To some recluse, sh! let me lie.  
Oh! Ellen, cease that plaintive strain,  
For Hope's bright ray will yet again  
Beam on thy gentle brow;  
The heavenly smiles of Angel Peace,  
Will bid each pang of sorrow cease,  
Which rends thy bosom now.

For can the chilling storm of woe,  
In darkest mood forever blow  
On thy devoted head?  
Ah! no! those clouds will break away,  
Which veil the sunshine of thy day,  
And joy her hushes shed.

The sweets of friendship will impart  
A balm to soothe thy aching heart,  
Even in the saddest hour:  
Repine not then at Heaven's decree,  
For know that thou hast a friend in me,  
Who will exert her power.

Oh! soon may happiness return,  
And every feeling deep in urn,  
Which robs thy soul of rest,  
And may her brightest rose resume  
On the pale cheek, its native bloom,  
While thou art sweetly blest.

Then why, ah! wherefore wouldst thou lie  
To solitude, where none are nigh,  
For from affection's care?  
In distant climes, thou wilt not find  
Resources sweet to calm thy mind,  
Like those which greet thee here.

MARY.

### ENVY AND MALICE.

Go, Envy, with imperious mien,  
Lark to thy caves, and there remain  
With all thy vaunting pride;  
And Malice—thou uncouth guest,  
Go lean upon Sister's breast,  
And ever there reside.

No cheerful smile is seen to glow  
On either's dark forbidding brow,  
No joy your eyes resume;  
Down in your murky eyes abide,  
The steps of Virtue never tread,  
Nor Peace explore'd its gloom.

Then hence and down from earthly view,  
And there your servile sports pursue  
Mid grovelling shades that lower;  
Detested there forever dwell,  
For Virtue still your frowns repel,  
Nor fears your vaunting power.

ELLEN.

### TO L. M. F.

I am not poor, in a sense,  
But not a richer, like by chance,  
An heir to learning, not pretence,  
Yet, what the matter?  
Where'er my muse does on me glaze,  
I grieve at her.

'Farewell, sweet summer, and thy fading flowers,  
Thy shady walks, and honey suckle bowers,  
Where oft I've sat, and read for hours,  
Some tale of love;  
Or sheltered from the sudden showers,  
Poured from above.

One brother to me is doubly sweet,  
To share the vine and willow meet,  
Where S. M. F. I first did greet,  
In Friendship's name;  
Which formed my happiness complete,  
And his the same.

And oh! when age my temper sooms,  
May I look back on brighter sooms,  
Past'd (in my youth) in those sweet bowers,  
When S. M. F. was nigh;  
Or when I view'd a wreath of flowers,  
To please his eye.

And may kind Heaven its blessings send,  
With liberal hand round you, my friend,  
And from the fife of life defend  
Yourself, and me;  
Thus to the wish my youthful friend,  
OF J. L. D.

### FRAGMENT.

"My Love," he cries, but ah! in vain,  
She sleeps in death, she hears him not;  
No more she leads the wailing strain,  
That ne'er was wont to be forgot.

He seeks the cot she lov'd so well,  
And enters in the well known door;  
That door, where late a sad farewell,  
Burst from those lips that speak no more.

Alas! what means this silence here,  
Where life and love so late was known;  
Why dost the scene this sadness wear,  
As if all happiness had flown?

Why, asks his fond fondling heart,  
Dost thou so long and silent stand?  
It cannot be—ah! why that start,  
No rival for had linger'd here.

"My rival—oh! that maddening sound  
Will turn this dreaming, frantic brain."  
But see!—ah, see! he now hath found  
The lovely cause of all his pain.

Stretch'd on the floor her slender form,  
As pale as death, cold bleeding lay;  
Her snowy cheeks, that blush'd so warm,  
Is now as cold as the livid clay.

Her adorn'd tresses stretch'd in blood,  
How wild they spread her bosom o'er,  
Where once she had from life's extension flood,  
Forever flow'd, to return no more.

Could this so wring a stranger's heart,  
How must a wretched lover feel;  
Think ye, he felt the cold drops start,  
And trembling from his forehead steal?

Think ye, he felt death's icy hand  
Steal o'er his agonized form,  
Or heeded he the stern command,  
That he'd to sleep the raging storm?

Oh, no! he felt no cold drops start—  
He heeded not the shaft of death;  
Life's strings thus rudely rent apart,  
With agony he yields his breath.

With clasped hands he frantic stood,  
Then press'd her wildly to his breast,  
And cried, "my love, it is thy blood,"  
Then on her bosom sunk to rest.

X. Y. C.

## THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Charity is the purest and most exalted feeling which can dwell within the human breast—it gives a lustre to and is the brightest ornament which can adorn the character of a Christian—'tis the surest guarantee of his future happiness—'tis the most permanent basis on which he can raise the hopes of his salvation, and is the best and most convincing proof he can give of his claims to religion. The man who is destitute of Charity is also destitute of the feelings by which those are governed whom the mild spirit of religion guides, and is acting in open violation to the true spirit of Christianity, the very quintessence of which is Charity. What pretensions can that man have to religion whose heart is callous to the sufferings of others—whose ear is closed to the cries of distress, and in whose heart sympathy dwells not—certainly none. He may, 'tis true, wear the outward semblance of religion—he may cloak himself beneath its mantle—he may affect to be governed by its dictates; but if he be devoid of Charity he cannot be influenced by religion. Because if he was, she would teach him that acts of benevolence are indispensably necessary to constitute a Christian—to relieve the wants, to administer comfort to the afflicted, to alleviate the sufferings, and to mitigate the misery of those who need it, is unquestionably the noblest office which man can perform or to which he can devote himself. To be thus employed bespeaks a character far exalted above the proud victor whom Fame proclaims as a hero, but under whose haughty feet are trampled every thing that is sacred and dear to man. His honor fades, and the wreath with which his brow is encircled withers. Not so with the honor which Charity gains—it never fades—the laurels which are its reward never wither, but continue and will continue in their first bloom, when the deeds of the ostentatious conqueror shall have been forgotten—when the world itself shall have returned to chaos they will still be fresh, and will remain so through the countless ages of eternity. Charitable actions purchase a crown, in comparison with which the brightest and most magnificent diadem that ever dazzled upon a monarch's head is as the feeble glimmering of a meteor to the broad and effulgent blaze of the world's great luminary—they obtain the benediction of heaven and meet with the approving smile of creation's God. To be charitable is to follow the example of Christ, whose whole mortal career was one continued and unvarying scenes of Charity. It is to walk in that path which He has pointed out as the only one to heaven. To be engaged in acts of benevolence gives to the mind that inward peace, and conveys to it those feelings of pleasure and that conscious rectitude which the miser never enjoys—never experiences. His mind is constantly harassed and perplexed by that insatiable desire of amassing wealth consequent to avarice, and of devising plans to forward that desire his whole time is occupied, and his every thought is directed towards the accumulating more to deposit in his already heaped coffer. His money is the idol to which he pays his adoration. It engrosses his thoughts when awake, and is the subject of his visions when asleep; he is as scrupulously careful of it as if he was to spend eternity on earth. He lends a deafened ear to the tale of distress—he turns away with a proud and contemptuous brow from the out-tretched hand of him who is in want, and views with a tearful eye and a callous heart the care-worn poor man, whose tattered clothes are insufficient to shield him from the cold blast of a winter's wind, and refuses him that which would enable him to save himself, and his almost famished family, from sinking entirely beneath the pressing hand of poverty. Certainly a man of this description can experience none of those sweet sensations or pleasing reflections which the man of Charity enjoys. No, it could not be possible that he could participate in such feelings, because he employs himself not in deeds which would cause similar pleasing and satisfactory emotions. The man who possesses Charity, being impressed with the truth that

Man was a but little here below,  
Not wanting that I like him do,  
Is always willing to share with his distressed fellow being the comforts which he may be enjoying. Led by the promptings of his generous heart, he will dispel the gloomy cloud of misfortune which hangs over the head of the unfortunate—disperse their sorrows and cause the smile of joy to succeed the tear of grief. Mark the tear of sympathy glistening in his eye at the relation of a tale of woe, and mark his alacrity and generous munificence in assisting and relieving the subject of that tale. Behold him visiting the distressed hovel of the forlorn widow—soothing her sorrows—speaking comfort to her afflicted heart, and furnish-

ing her with means to obtain subsistence.—Behold him every where doing good, spreading by his acts of benevolence, joy and happiness around him, and thus gaining the good wishes of those whom he has benefited, whose prayers ascend to heaven as so many evidences of his goodness, and imploring for him a residence in that delightful place where a day of endless and unceasing pleasure awaits those who are obedient to the laws of God, just and charitable, and where he will hear the consoling words of a pleased Saviour, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

## DATAMES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LITERARY EXCELLENCE.  
Human knowledge has been gradually increasing from the earliest ages of the world down to the present period. The mind of man, proceeding from step to step, has been continually expanding and enlarging as the vast field for improvement widened into view. The man who was considered a prodigy in literature, in former days, when the dark cloud of ignorance hid from the gaze of men, comparatively, the bright beams of science, would in modern times sink far below mediocrity. As men are continually improving in science, so also is the standard of literary excellence proportionally elevated. New objects for improvement present themselves to the mind—new discoveries are continually making, and literature and science are hastening with rapid strides towards the summit of human perfection. On this account, it is obvious, that were not the criterion by which literary excellence is adjudged, continually moving in proportion as knowledge increased, succeeding generations would stand forth decked with the plumes that belonged to their fathers, and claiming merits not their own. Nothing is more common than to see men, the shallow-ness of whose intellect is scarcely equalled by their impudent officiousness, rising to some high eminence in the literary world—and nothing is more common than to see them precipitate, sooner or later, from their ill-gained heights into the "deep dark" gulf of oblivion below. There is naturally a very great diversity in the mental abilities of man, while some are endowed by nature with Newtonian minds, and are able to scale the highest walls in science, others, although with many advantages from other sources, plod their way through life unadorned and unknown—yet often it is, that those whose nature has apparently most slightly, by means of their close application and unwearying efforts, are distinguished for their superior talent, and for that knowledge which is durable as time itself.

On the other hand, how often is it that those upon whom Nature has been most lavish of her gifts, continually decrease in their literary character till at length they are scarcely known, or known only to be reproached for the abuse of those privileges which were so fortunate as to possess. No one should consider the talents which Nature has given him as an inexhaustible fund to which no assistance is necessary. Perseverance is the only key which can unlock the vast treasures which are in most men's bosoms, and without which they would forever remain unseen. Literary excellence does not consist in the mere brilliant effusions of an unrestrained mind, nor in the momentary flashes of a superficial intellect, but in that steady overpowering force of genius, before which ignorance vanishes like snow before the burning heat of Jetha. The man of literary excellence possesses a correct judgment—a sound understanding—and in short, a keen and penetrating mind.

## SEXUUS.

A PICTURE DRAWN AT SEA.

Extract from the correspondence of Mr. Carter, one of the editors of the N. Y. Statesman, dated on 6th June, 25.

But there is a pleasure beyond what this little world, enclosed in wooden walls, can afford—the pleasure of looking abroad upon the boundless ocean, of watching the changing aspects of its restless agitation. A thousand scenes that fill the eye with such an expanse of water, stretching beyond the limits of vision, and on all sides mingling with the sky, even when its surface is calm and placid. But how is its magnificence heightened, when it is lashed into tumult, and the billows are crest of with foam! I have stood for hours, to survey the waves rolling and tumbling in the verge of the horizon, with which they appear to be blended. It is at such a moment, that one feels his weakness and insignificance, while the elements are in commotion, the seas are dashing around him in all its terror and sublimity, and a feeling as if he were a speck upon the vast expanse of the world, and devoid of human assistance, his confidence is shaken to a plank, and that, apparently too fragile to withstand for a moment the violence and concussion of the waves.

In spite of all the convictions of safety, and of all resolutions to meet whatever may come with firmness and fortitude, the imagination, startled by the creaking of masts, the piping of winds, and the dashing of the surf, will sometimes descend to the bottom of the ocean, and survey such horrors, as are depicted in the dream of Ulysses.

"What sights of life death within mine eyes!  
No thought of love, no thought of home;  
A thousand scenes that fill the eye with such an expanse of water, stretching beyond the limits of vision, and on all sides mingling with the sky, even when its surface is calm and placid. But how is its magnificence heightened, when it is lashed into tumult, and the billows are crest of with foam! I have stood for hours, to survey the waves rolling and tumbling in the verge of the horizon, with which they appear to be blended. It is at such a moment, that one feels his weakness and insignificance, while the elements are in commotion, the seas are dashing around him in all its terror and sublimity, and a feeling as if he were a speck upon the vast expanse of the world, and devoid of human assistance, his confidence is shaken to a plank, and that, apparently too fragile to withstand for a moment the violence and concussion of the waves.

When the imagination has once reached the bottom of the ocean, it is very easy for it to extend its rambles through coral groves and reefs scarcely less fearful, than supposed to exist. Buffon thinks that the depths of the earth, and the varieties of hill and dale, and that its plants and shrubs have a similar distribution. According to others, these vegetables and sub-marine productions are of the most gorgeous and splendid colors, vying in richness and beauty with the most picturesque scenery of the earth above. Fancy may go a step further, and people these bright abodes with the inhabitants of the deep, or those tailed gods and goddesses, which the poets of antiquity called into existence. \* \* \*

At 10 o'clock on the 14th deck (for the rain was so severe as to drive the passengers to the cabin) for the purpose of witnessing what masters term a *carpa nautica*, or sacred body—a phenomenon I was very anxious to see. A ball of fire was visible at the top of the main-mast, emitting a light not unlike that of a lamp. Indeed so striking was the resemblance, that I at first suspected some one had

been playing off a quiz, by sending up a lamp, or that one of the crew was aloft with a light. But the reality of the phenomenon was soon ascertained. As it never appears except in storms, some have supposed it to be electrical, but the mate of the ship assured me that he had often examined the substance emitting the light, and found it to be a mass of jelly, apparently composed of quail or animalcules, exactly similar to those producing the phosphorene of the ocean. \* \* \* From the 20th to the 22d of June inclusive, the ship lay in dead calm. On the last mentioned days, so perfectly calm was the ocean, that the captain ordered the jolly boat to be launched, and four of us, with a man at the helm, rowed to the distance of a mile from the ship, the little boat climbing over the smooth swells with an easy and delightful motion. We brought back with us a large Nautilus, or Portuguese man-of-war, as this animal is generally called by the sailors. It is a curious creature, peculiarly fitted for its element on the surface of which it moves, being furnished with a keel, anchor, sails, and ballast, for the purpose of navigation. Possessing the power of locomotion, he can shift his position so as to catch the gale, and glide over the highest waves with ease and safety. Some times when the sea is calm and the sun warm, he will turn right up upon his side, wet his sail, and then right himself, and resume his passage. These animals frequently navigate the ocean in fleets, perhaps under the command of an admiral. Their sails, which are transparent and beautifully bordered with a bright pink color, vie in richness and elegance, particularly when seen in the direction of the sun, with the silken sails of Cleopatra. We have seen thousands of them bounding over the billow, reminding us of Pope's couplet:

Loon of the little Nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin sail, and catch the rising gale."

## THE MISCELLANIST.

CAPITOL OF THE UNITED STATES.

This immense pile covers an extent of one and a half acres and 1826 feet. Its length of front is 320 feet—the depth of its wings 120 feet—the projection of the centre, including steps, 65 feet—west projection 83 feet, making the whole depth of the centre 204 feet. The height of the wings to the top of the centre dome, 140 feet. The greatest length of the representative room in the south wing is 92 feet—its greatest height 69 feet—greatest length of the Senate chamber in the north wing, 74 feet—greatest height 42 feet. The great central rotunda, whose top is the dome, is 96 feet in diameter, and 96 feet high; the library room is 92 by 34 feet, and 36 feet high. In the capital likewise are a variety of rooms for committees and officers of Congress, and the two branches of the national legislature; on the lower floor is a large room where the Supreme Court of the U. States holds its sessions. The splendor of its building, when it shall be completed, cannot well be described to the eye of the imagination; its masonry walls—its immense columns of solid stone and variegated marble—its winding granite stairs, so constructed as apparently to rest in air on nothing but themselves—its labyrinth of splendid apartments, in which the stranger may easily lose himself without a conductor—all these must be seen to present to the mind an adequate idea of this monument of republican liberality in encouraging the arts. The grounds of the capitol are enclosed within an iron railing, and embraces more than 29 acres. Now that the work on the capitol is not completed, these grounds present the unsmooth appearance of temporary sheds and buildings in their rough state, and the rubbish of stones and other materials for building. When the yard shall be reduced to its proper level—its avenues graduated—its shrubbery growing—this will be one of the most delightful promenades of any country.

## BLUE BEARD AND HIS CASTLE.

The times of the Chateau de la Vierge, on the Banks of the Eridre, in the department of the Loire Inferieure, are, according to the tradition of the neighboring peasantry, those of the castle of the Celebrated Bluebeard, the hero of the well known nursery tale.—This formidable personage, who is not altogether a mere creation of the fancy, was Gilles de Retz, who lived in the reign of Charles VII. and was a vassal of Duke of Bretagne.

He was tried at Nantes on suspicion of having destroyed a number of children who had been seen to enter the castle, and were never heard of after wards. The bodies of several were afterwards found, he having caused them to be put to death to make use of their blood in writing charms and forming incantations to raise infernal spirits, by whose means he believed, according to the horrible superstitions of the time, that hidden treasures would be revealed to him. On his trial he confessed the most horrible acts of atrocity, and was sentenced to be burnt alive; but the Duke caused him to be strangled before he was led to the stake. His execution took place December 25, 1449, and a detailed account of it is still preserved in a manuscript in the archives of Nantes.

## GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

When General La Fayette lately passed through Elizabethtown, (N. J.) he expressed a desire to visit the grave of the Rev. Mr. Caldwell and his wife, who he interred in the same tomb in the burial place of the first Presbyterian church. He was attended by the Rev. Dr. McDowell, pastor of that congregation, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Sargent of the Methodist church. The inscription which records the mournful circumstances of this death he thought very appropriate, and he marked on his breast that he recollected perfectly well that the Rev. Mr. Caldwell was sitting between General Washington and himself in a position that commanded a view of the enemy at Connecticut Farms, and of each house that was fired by the foe, and feeling that his house had escaped the torch, he had just remarked how much he had been favored by the enemy, when a messenger came up and informed him that his wife was murdered by a British soldier, who fired at her through a window while she held an infant in her arms. In a few short minutes the words, the mourner himself was assassinated. It will be generally recollected that General La Fayette was the adopted son of the orphan, and carried him to France, where he educated him. This son, Mr. John B. Caldwell, returned to the United States, and died a few years ago in New York, whilst agent of the American Bible Society.

## LOVE AND THE BLACKSMITH.

(Continued from last week.)

Joseph, a young Farmer, residing in the neighborhood of the society, having occasion to visit the blacksmith's shop from time to time, had formed a friendship for Ephraim, and was among those who beheld with regret his altered appearance. What the cause could be they were unable to ascertain, and had begun to conclude, from the absence of other apparent causes, that the most dreadful spirit of death, Consumption, had fixed on him for its victim. But the case was, however, not so disastrous as he might imagine. Joseph conversed with Ephraim on a fine evening towards the close of summer, as they stood by the shop door, after the business of the day was finished, with his eyes fixed on the countenance of his friend, tracing, with a deep feeling of sympathy, the lines which sorrow had there marked, was unexpectedly gratified at beholding the features of melancholy and gloom give place to an expression of the brightest joy—his eyes sparkled with new brilliance, and the spirit of animation seemed to have taken possession of his heart, from hence, sending forth bright fire, that kindled and lit up every look and expression. Joseph conversed with Ephraim on a fine evening towards the close of summer, as they stood by the shop door, after the business of the day was finished, with his eyes fixed on the countenance of his friend, tracing, with a deep feeling of sympathy, the lines which sorrow had there marked, was unexpectedly gratified at beholding the features of melancholy and gloom give place to an expression of the brightest joy—his eyes sparkled with new brilliance, and the spirit of animation seemed to have taken possession of his heart, from hence, sending forth bright fire, that kindled and lit up every look and expression.

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equality of the times of its revolutions round the sun and by the slow, but continual decrease of those times, which last curious fact is generally ascribed to the resistance of the sun's atmosphere to the motion of the comet, when in perihelion. The comet was last in perihelion on the 21st of May, 1822, its periodical time of revolution being 2205 days (which will have elapsed on the third of September,) we may daily expect to see it.—Those who are desirous of a particular account of this interesting body, will find its history in an elegant article, by the illustrious Havelicht, in a number of the North American Review, printed 4 or 5 years since.

In the number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal for July, there is a full account of a new and commodious method of regulating the movements of steam vessels. In the same number we remark the following observations:

"The facility of erecting a steam engine almost on any spot, seems to have diverted the public from attending to the utility of steady water falls. The action of what is called a twenty horse power engine, is just equal to the impulse given by 1000 cubic feet of water falling in a minute through the height of ten feet. But the yearly cost of an engine of that dimension is, under the most favorable circumstances, estimated at £1000, which is, therefore, the annual saving produced by such a fall of water."

## MUDDY BANKS.

Mr. Buckingham, when on his travels in the east, happened to remark to Banks in a jocular way, that he once knew a man who at the age of sixty had cut a complete set of new teeth. Banks, who had not the slightest idea of the joke, immediately sat down and wrote a dozen sheets upon the subject. He began with Marcus Curius Dentatus, and Ononis Papius Carbo, who were born with all their teeth, quoting the cases of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, and Prusias son of the King of Bithynia, who had only one continued tooth reaching the whole length of the jaw; and embracing, in the progress of the discussion, all the opinions that had ever been expressed on the subject, from Galen down to our own days. He showed his paper with great elevation to Mr. Buckingham, who, after perusing the trash, "My dear Mr. Banks, the man I meant was a Comedian."

## LOCKE AND COLLINS.

About two months before his death the celebrated John Locke wrote a letter, (of which the following is a copy) to Anthony Collins, and left this direction upon it: "To be delivered after my decease." "I know you loved me living, and will preserve my memory when I am dead. All the use to be made of it is, that this life is a scene of vanity, which soon passes away, and affords no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hope of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account. Adieu! I leave my best wishes with you." John Locke.

Dr. John Wilkins, bishop of Chester, in the reign of Charles II. had attempted to show the possibility of a voyage to the Moon. The Duchess of Newcastle, who had written thirteen volumes upon speculative subjects, meeting the bishop one evening at a concert, asked him how it was. "My lord, suppose you were able to carry me to the moon, where am I to hide in my way thither?" "Madam," said he, "of all the people in the world, I should not have expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you might sleep every night in one of them."

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Joseph conversed with Ephraim on a fine evening towards the close of summer, as they stood by the shop door, after the business of the day was finished, with his eyes fixed on the countenance of his friend, tracing, with a deep feeling of sympathy, the lines which sorrow had there marked, was unexpectedly gratified at beholding the features of melancholy and gloom give place to an expression of the brightest joy—his eyes sparkled with new brilliance, and the spirit of animation seemed to have taken possession of his heart, from hence, sending forth bright fire, that kindled and lit up every look and expression.

the only token which had ever passed between them, she retired.

The feelings of hope and joy thus dashed to the earth, Ephraim again sunk into the despondence and reserve which had so long been his companions; while Joseph, after a few words of consolation and advice, immediately took his leave, and proceeded in quest of the fair nymph, who had again entered the pathway, whose thick shrubbery partially concealed them from observation. As this was the route which led to his farm, his pursuing it was not calculated to excite attention, and quickening his step he soon overtook Elizabeth, who, with a slow step and heavy heart, was moving onward, lost in deep thought, as Joseph approached, she started with alacrity, and had well nigh alarmed the neighborhood with a sudden shriek, had she not recognized the familiar features of the friend, whose thick shrubbery partially concealed them from observation. As this was the route which led to his farm, his pursuing it was not calculated to excite attention, and quickening his step he soon overtook Elizabeth, who, with a slow step and heavy heart, was moving onward, lost in deep thought, as Joseph approached, she started with alacrity, and had well nigh alarmed the neighborhood with a sudden shriek, had she not recognized the familiar features of the friend, whose thick shrubbery partially concealed them from observation.

Elizabeth was questioned as to the reason for her unusual and workly conduct, and told of the extreme impropriety of her demeanor, which had of late become so contrary and guided by the spirit of disobedience, to which was added a long address of exhortation and reproof—to all of which the unoffending but heart-stricken maid replied with the unaffected sincerity and meekness of a saint, that she trusted to be forgiven—that she feared to lose the sense of duty which had hitherto watched her steps, inasmuch as her heart had not the influence of sobriety which had once been its tutor. "For when she would do good, evil was there, and hence the breast, torn of innocence trickled down the cheek which had now lost even the traces of its former bloom. The reflections which the 'promise' created in her bosom, made her spirit sink within her, for unused to practice deception, or harbour any thoughts but those of virtue and piety, she dreaded even the appearance of ill, and would have regretted her 'promise,' did not affection oppose its influence, and inspire her with strength to rely upon its honor and truth. Her situation was, indeed, unhappy; wretched indeed, in which to confide or seek consolation or advice, she counted the heavy moments as they rolled away, as in loneliness and sorrow she sat down by her window and wept. The bright stars were out: the moon displayed its pale crescent as it descended behind the tall

As that rose upon a distant eminence, and seemed withdrawing its silver rays, as she thought, in sorrow, from the scene upon which she was about entering. There was, she imagined, an unusual silence as she passed from her chamber door, and though she trod on the hard winter floor with the utmost caution, as she passed through the large hall, each footstep resounded on the "dull ear of night," and seemed to echo along the walls so loudly that she paused to ascertain if the inmates were stirring; she listened in vain for approaching footsteps; there was none—yet her hushed breath, her half another sigh that would not be stilled, and even the throb of her full heart, as it beat quickly against her trembling hand, added to the tumult which fancy created. Fearful apprehensions clouded around her, the thought that error was gaining time, hasty steps, made her spirit sink within her, and the worst returned, a melancholy presentiment, to her chamber, but that conscious innocence supported the powerful appeal of love—she urged her on, and gaining the open air, she felt like a bird let loose from its woe prison, and flew on the wings of impatience to gain the appointed spot. It was a green and verdant space just by the road side, sheltered by the wide limbs of an immense elm, which offered a beautiful and appropriate shelter for the "pilgrims of love," who came to offer their first vows beneath its branches. Our friends were already there, and accordingly waiting the moment when Elizabeth should arrive; they had long waited but she came not—they would have advanced to meet her, but knew not the path she would pursue and might mislead—while expressing the most painful anxiety, and straining their eyes toward the house, which stood on a rising ground within sight, they were alarmed by the sudden and confused appearance of lights hastening to and fro, and giving the horrid quiet mansion of Elizabeth the appearance of a midnight witch tower. They were discovered; she had been noticed as she left the house by one of the watchmen, who at this untimely hour sat watching the stars when she should have been dreaming of them; and at that luckless moment, happening to look out to trace the flight of a falling star, and fancying, perhaps, to herself, its probable resemblance to a falling comet, her eye caught the glimpse of an object wholly plying beneath her window, and though something different from the flight of an heavenly body, it could not fail of exciting her "most special wonder."

Ever on the alert and anxious for the safety and welfare of this society, she hastened to examine the inmates, and found, alas! too soon, that Elizabeth had taken her leave, that the work which had been which they so oft had done, their "precept upon precept," had flown.

No time was to be lost—her skill declined, and more protracted every apartment and noised the sleepy inmates, who made their heavy eyelids, almost closed, and in most instances, drowsy and disorder—Ephraim was now discovered to be also absent, and arrangements were immediately made to prevent, and if possible, recover and reclaim the faithful delinquents. In the meantime, Elizabeth, with the speed of a passing storm, arrived at the time—she was breathless with exertion and fear, and, as it were, in a dream, she sank on the ground, with the faint but compelling accents of "save me! save me!"

Ephraim raised her up with the most fond but respectful tenderness, and as she gradually recovered her consciousness, she cast her eyes slowly around—the air was calm and quiet—the bright stars glowed through the green canopy which the graceful elms spread over them—the silence and solitude of midnight reigned, but the glow of rapture was there, and in bosoms which had long and deeply felt that the darkness of a set which awoke from hope deferred. It burned with a brilliance rendered the more affecting by the awe and solemnity of that midnight hour, she looked around on those, and beginning







profession of acquiescence in the decision of his judges, as the fairest proof of his guilt, though it appears quite strange and unreasonable, how such sentiments can, with generous minds, be so construed, how ever much it may prove the forbearance and magnanimity of the hero, who has by this simple act

the art of imparting a "classical," "elegant," "polite," "liberal" and "accomplished" education, &c. &c. wind up with a grand descent from the temple of knowledge into the pantry and kitchen, by informing pupils that they are to furnish their own "night caps, towels, and table napkins."

Ser. Good Friends, Melton, for Havann.  
12. Reg. Deuster, Campbell, for Cuba  
14. — New Castle, Wilkinson, for Gibraltar  
Ser. Lewis, Dawson, for Hamburg.  
15. — Exchange, Wilson, for Alvarado.  
— Providence, Perkins, for Alvarado.  
— Harlan, Denbary, for Havann.  
Letter: Regs at the Golden Horse for Liverpool  
on the 20th, and for Hamburg soon.  
16. Ship Janis, Kirk, for Liverpool.

**Books, Stationery, &c.**  
DAVID CLARK offers for sale at his book and stationery store, No. 118 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, a general assortment of British books, tracts, &c. and at once put together with a variety of articles at undervalued rates.  
The single M price given for each book, binding and paper ruling neatly executed at short notice, at 114 Market street. E. C. K.

COHEN'S  
DEBENTURE AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,  
No. 55 South Third street  
sept 10-11

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**DAVIS & HANSON,**  
AUCTIONEER & COMMISSION MERCHANT  
Corner of Front and Market streets,  
march 12-6p Pittsburgh

JOHN LIPPINCOTT, No. 331 north Second st. has constantly on hand a supply of Chairs and Hair Mats, of a superior quality. June 11-66

CHARLES W. EVERTSON, Watch maker, Jeweler and Goldsmith, has removed from No. 113 to Second street, to No. 147 1/2 Second St. N. June 11-66

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, showing dark stitching or thread. There is no text or other markings on the page.







**PUBLIC SALES AT AUCTION.**  
No. 33 Market street, & New Jersey wharf.

**DRY GOODS.**


On Wednesday and Thursday mornings, at nine o'clock precisely, at a credit.

A large and valuable assortment of Fresh Imported **DRY GOODS**, in lots for sale by purchasers.

Also, a general assortment of **DOMESTIC GOODS.**

**COMLY & TEVIS, Auctioneers.**

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**TO-MORROW,**  
SUNDAY morning, the 17th, the Steam-boat  
PENNSYLVANIA, Capt. Kellum, will leave  
the upper side of Market street wharf, at seven  
o'clock, A. M. for Burlington, Bristol and  
Baltimore—Returning the same evening. Fare 33  
cents.

sep 17--if

**CARD.**  
HAYING declined business is respectfully recommended to my friends and the public. I have favored me with their custom in **STILES & WILKINSON**, at my old stand, No. 64 Chestnut st, having confidence in their abilities to give entire satisfaction in the line of their profession.  
**JOEL ATKINSON.**

**STILES & WILKINSON,**  
*Woolen Drapers and Tailors,*  
RESPECTFULLY inform their customers and the public generally, that they have removed to the above mentioned stand, No. 64 Chestnut street, where they intend keeping a general assortment of "seasonable goods in line," which will be as usual.

and to the most fashionable style. aug 6-11

**SMITH'S**  
**CHEAP SHOE STORE,**  
No. 336 MARKET ST. near Tenth st.  
**GENTLEMEN'S Wellington Boots** \$2.50 to 4.50  
**Boys' and Children's Boots** 1.00 to 2.00  
**Youth's Dancing Pump, superior** 87 cts. to 1.50  
**Gentlemen's Morning Slippers** 25 cts  
Gentlemen's Over shoes, excellent quality. 75 cts  
Ladies with Valerita and Evening Slippers 99 to 1.50  
Ladies Morocco double sole Jefferson 1.00 to 1.50  
Ladies Kid Boots, recently made at wholesale, at 80 cts, per pair we usually the attention of shoe buyers in general, who should take note.

Our stock is constantly on hand at \$1.50 to \$2.50.

A large quantity of Boots and Shoes, of every description. 400 pair Regatta Boots, suitable for the summer.

J. M. SMITH

sept 3-11

**TWILLED BOMBAZETS.**  
J. H. B. opened, in large supply of twilled, plain and J. H. B. the most desirable.

Also, **NORWICH SHAWLS**, of superior whiteness, with curled fringe.


in the same a general assortment of the following articles, cheap double Jean, Ladies' Linens, Coloured and white Ladies' Stripes, Ties and plain (and fancy) Knitting, Hosiery, and Italian Mantles.

Shawls and Cotton Craggs and large Khaki, and all other goods in the most desirable style.

superior white and with Rusta Bombaz, hosiery, superior white and plain coloured and Khaki and all other goods in the most desirable style.

Tailcoats and Irish Peppins, Superior Shirts and Ties, Youngs' Children's Superior Bed Clothing.

Sheetrock and Lath Lining,  
12-4 and Wood Shingles for Girts and Counterpoise.  
With the Good—  
TOWNSEND MARSHALL,  
No. 30 South Second Street.

 FASHIONABLE  
**CITY HAT STORE,**  
WHERE HATS of every description  
may be obtained, whether in and out of  
style, for leaviness, durability and excel-  
lence of finish. **Call on or write to**  
the city. **W. B. JONES, PROPRIETOR.** (See  
FERN) (at 25-30) daily morning from 9 o'clock to 5 o'clock.

**CHARLES & J. H. BULKLEY,**  
61, S. Third street, opposite Granger's Bank.  
We do all kinds of shoe and quality made to order.  
Jan 23—tf

**OLD CHAMPAGNE BRANDY.**  
OLD Champagne Brandy, vintage 1848, just received  
and for sale by  
**Wm. Kopp & Co.,**  
No. 40 Second Street,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Who keeps constantly on hand:  
Hopal Company's Pure Water Wine,  
Old F. P. Medals, 1866, 1876 and Lisbon Wine,  
Dry and Sweet Valencia Wine, 7 years old,  
and all the best of French and Foreign Wines.

**The Lottery and Exchange**  
Business, heretofore considered in the time  
ward in that of this by J. C. Cohen, J. H. J. K. K. K.  
and North under the flow of C. P. J. H. J. K. K. K.  
and in that of this by J. C. Cohen, J. H. J. K. K. K.  
with, for the latter, respectively, the flow of C. P. J. H. J. K. K. K.

**A** FEW respectable single men may be accommodated with boarding on reasonable terms, at 21 Duane-st. Sept 3-6m

**J**OH W. FOLWELL, Boot and Shoemaker No. 719  
North Front Street, near Noble. *mar 2 1860*

**J. UNDERWOOD**, Manufacturer of **Musical Cymbals, Bells, and Gongs**, Fishers, Pa. Catalogue, **Lehigh Valley, Carbon Pottsville, Pa.** Sent on request. **ap 14-100**

**PAPER**, **ALF** and **EDITH**, for Shipping and Storage. **CONTRACTS** for **SANDUSKY**, **OHIO**, and **WATER** and **CLIMATE** and **COMMUNICATION** Road, **2nd** of the **Harb** and **Page**—**124**

**PAPER HANGING** done in the best manner, at the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. **ap 1039**  
**W. L. K. & Co.** 74 North 4th Street, and No. 127 North 4th Street, Philadelphia.—**12**

**ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKING**, taught at a reduced price at No. 42 Branch street.—**119**

**CHAP** and **PASH**—**AND** **FEATHERS** of every description, for sale by **WM. F. CHAP**, at 47 North 2d corner of Chestnut and Third streets. **103**

**W. L. K. & Co.** 74 North 4th Street, and No. 127 North 4th Street, Philadelphia.—**12**

**W**ANTED. For sale at North Third street, near city, where articles in earlier issue, may be had at a cheap rate, and on easy terms.

**D**ANIEL C. BARK, Book Binder and Paper Dealer, 175 North Third street, in story—BARK & BARKS ruled and bound papers, and located in the Hamilton machine.

**A** LARGE quantity of Carriage, Moulding and Sash for sale at No. 175, City of the Great South East 15th St. Also, a large stock of Fancy Paper—*W*

**M**CKEYBORG & HAYKORN, No. 35 South Second street, keep for sale a large assortment of Clarified Oils.

**A** GOOD DRUGGISTMAN at 139 N. 10th St. Third floor, above R. C. ANDREW MOORE keeps for sale, on reasonable terms, Products of every quality.

**F**ANCY DYEING and RECOLORING, at a reduced price, by W. WILLIAMSON, No. 16 North Eighth street.

**WILLIAM STAFFORD'S** True Friendship, No. 168 South  
Ninth street—congratulate, No. 174.

**JOHN McKEON, Hatter,** No. 43 Market street—  
keep constantly on hand a large and general assort-  
ment.

**GEORGE ALLFAN,** Book-Binder, and Grider—  
at the edges of Books, Letter, & Envelope Paper, 165  
Vine st.

**GEORGE ALLFAN,** Book-Banner and Chess Board  
165 Vine st. No. 165 Vine street—A

**PHILIP WENNE-MOER'S** Fancy Dry Goods Store,  
at South Fourth street. An elegant assortment  
of new-made goods at the first quality on hand—170

**ABRAHAM VANHOEN'S** Suspender Manufactory,  
at Bank street. Suspenders wholesale and retail at  
the lowest prices—sept 4

**BENJ. RICHARDSON,** Hat Manufacturer & Cutter,  
No. 77 & 8 Second st. Cutlery, of every description,  
ground, polished and repaired in the best manner, at  
this establishment.

**JOHN LIPPINCOTT,** No. 631 North Second at Bridge  
constantly on hand, a supply of Cheese and Lard  
Hides, of a superior quality. June 11-6m

**CHARLES STEVENSON,** Watch Maker, Jeweller  
and Goldsmith, has removed from No. 112 South  
Second street, to No. 167 & 169 1/2 South 2d.



